

THE DEMOCRAT  
MONROE CITY, MISSOURI

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### SENATOR'S SEARCH IN VAIN

Backhead Cocks Barrel of Persimmon  
Brandy Lost in Atlanta Fifty  
Years Ago.

Has anybody seen anything of a keg of chewing tobacco and a barrel of persimmon brandy lost by United States Senator Rankin of Alabama? He suspects Atlanta, but he isn't making any definite charges. He just knows they are gone, says the Atlanta Constitution.

He has been looking for them a mighty long time—in fact, ever since Sherman started on his march to Atlanta and the sea, and he renewed the search the other day, when he was in the city, but to no avail.

It seems that Senator Rankin, then a young captain in the Confederate army, had a negro slave who was a wonderful forger, but who finally got into his head that he was the captain of the company. So Captain Rankin had got a furlough and brought his negro to Atlanta to barter or sell him. Finding nobody who would buy, he finally traded the negro to a man whose son is now a prominent Atlanta millionaire, the consideration being a barrel of persimmon brandy and a keg of chewing tobacco.

He stored the barrel and the keg, and when he came back to get them they were gone.

### To Prevent Deafness.

With a view to making a telephone receiver transmit sounds more clearly under varying conditions, a special receiver has been invented, which takes the place of the regular device on the receiver. In shape this device resembles the part which it displaces, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, except that there are several vents or indented channels which radiate from the center of the cup to the rim.

These allow the passage of air in and out of the ear, even though the receiver is pressed against it. The purpose of this is to prevent indigestion or conflicting sound waves striking the ear drum. It is the claim of the inventor that this form of receiver will relieve sensitive parts of the ear from strain in using a telephone and prevent deafness and nervous disorders.

### Historical Research.

The pupils in one of the schools of Indianapolis are from time to time in their history lesson providing their teacher with answers to her questions on the subjects under consideration that are worthy of the distinctive name of "howlers," a term recently adapted from Great Britain. Here are some that she has recently added to her collection:

Question—Who aided Columbus on his voyages?

Answer—Patrick Henry of Virginia.

Question—What part did George Washington play in the Revolutionary war?

Answer—He played in the band.

Question—What were the relations of Capt. John Smith to the Indians?

Answer—He was related to the Indians because he married Pocahontas.

### WENT DOWN ALL RIGHT



Howard—Have you been down skating yet?

Evelyn—Oh! yes. I was down several times while skating.

### To Save the Towels.

I kept discovering little holes in my towels and had no idea how they got there till I saw my husband wiping his nose on them, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. He never cut through, but he was apt to cut a thread in spite of his care, and in the next washing the hole appeared. I took some old towels, hemmed several small pieces about the size of a handkerchief, sewed a loop to the corners, and keep one of them all the time hanging on a hook by the shaving mirror. Since he began to use these I have found no more holes in the towels.

## The Fatal Day

During the past twelve months Jack Osbourne had been walking through life at a jubilant quickstep, the success of happiness shining all over him. For he had put a pet theory into practice—and it had worked.

A year ago he had taken a wife, in a sensible, businesslike way, with as careful a consideration as though making an investment in stocks.

Maude Hollister had been his stenographer for eighteen months before he had declared himself, and day by day he had judiciously studied her. There were fluctuations in her attractiveness, of course, but he was quite satisfied that in character and charm she would never fall below par. So he had his little talk with her—a very plain little talk without any silly, sentimental frills or pink-ribbon furbelows of romance.

He was tired of club and boarding-house life, he told her, and was now in a financial position to set up his own lares and penates. A home, of course, meant a wife, and he felt that she of all women he knew was best fitted to administer and grace it. Not that he was looking merely for a housekeeper—or even a hostess when he wished to entertain. She must not think that for a minute. In a wife he sought a friend, a companion, a life partner. But as for being in love, and all that kind of foolishness, it wasn't in his make-up.

And Maude Hollister had understood and agreed perfectly.

That was the glorious part of Maude. She was so sane and sensible. A woman never exacting, but always comfortable to live with—so different from the pet-dog type that must be constantly petted and fondled.

So they had married and lived happily ever after—until now.

Yes, there was a now. A now when Jack Osbourne's walk was no longer at jubilant quickstep, but the slow pace of brooding thought. A now when his shine of happiness no longer dazzled the beholder's eyes. For once again that thunderbolt that has shot out of a clear sky so often one would think it had become blunted hit the earth another slap in the face.

Eve declared that a certain Thursday in midwinter should be Osbourne's day of March.

"While I think of it, my dear," he had casually announced to his wife the Monday evening before, as they sat together in front of the cheerful blaze of the living room fire. "I'll probably not be home for dinner Thursday night. I've told you about the deal with the Desmond Lumber company we are trying to get over. I learned today that Desmond, the president, will be in San Francisco Thursday for that I. P. G. luncheon given at the Palace, and I'm planning to have him and Armsby and Ned Thornton dine with me at the club, so we can go over the whole situation in a leisurely pow-wow."

"But wouldn't Friday night do as well, Jack?" Maude eagerly asked.

"No, Desmond leaves that same night for Los Angeles. Besides, why not Thursday?"

"If you wish it, there is no 'why not,' of course," she replied, and, clicking on the droplight, she dismissed the subject by picking up a book.

At the moment, Osbourne had only a vague sense of feeling uncomfortable, but as Maude's words kept coming back to him between the lines of the magazine article he made a pretense of reading, he was more and more conscious of their sting of sarcasm.

"Maude," he finally blurted out, "you must have had a reason for not wanting me to stay downtown Thursday. Had you some plan of your own for that evening?"

"I had intended having a couple of tables of bridge and an informal little supper," she said in a decidedly cold-storage tone, "but my little party is not of the least importance."

"By George, it isn't!" declared Osbourne. "Not compared with the importance of my getting hold of Desmond. And, when we can play bridge any blooming night under the stars, I can't see why you are making such a fuss about it."

"I am not making any fuss; I told you my plans were not of the least importance."

It was not what she said, but the way she said it, that made Osbourne thoroughly lose his temper, and in the whole year of their married life never had they come so near a quarrel.

The next morning the whole thing seemed so absurd that Osbourne began to think it had never happened—until Maude's dignified aloofness confronted him at breakfast.

So it began—so it went on. A tempest in a teapot, of course, but splashes of scalding tea make smarting little burns.

It was so petty, so unreasonable, so different from anything he had ever seen in Maude before. Why, she was acting just like other women! And, although his self-respect became as shredded wheat in the process, he acted just like other men.

He brought her flowers by the long-

stemmed doted and confessions by the five-pound box. At great personal inconvenience he came home early Wednesday and took her to the Country club across the bay for four o'clock tea. Even went so far as to get tickets for the grand opera Saturday night, although Wagner bored him to tears.

And nothing had the least effect. Not that Maude received his overtures rudely. She accepted both his gifts of endearment and entertainment in her best society manner. But the very effusiveness of her thanks held him at arm's length—gave him the sensation of having been so recently introduced to her that he dared not take any liberties of intimacy.

So the gulf between them widened and every little lodge he tried to run across fell with a hopeless crash.

His keenest disappointment came the morning of the fatal Thursday itself. To his delighted surprise, as he sat down to breakfast, he found at his place one of the knitted silk neckties that were then the latest fad. When it was neither a conventional case of Christmas nor birthday, could a white dove bring a man a more unmistakable olive-branch token of peace than such a love gift made by his wife's own fair hands?

But when Maude joined him a few minutes later, in spite of his frank pleasure over the tie, in spite of his hearty thanks for his "surprise," her manner was more distant than ever, and never had he sat through a more wretched meal.

On his way downtown, Dick Brent got on the car. Friends from college days, Osbourne had always thought Dick no end of a fine fellow. Yet his wife was suing him for divorce on the ground of "incompatibility of temper."

That was the real trouble between Maude and him. They could no longer hit it off. It was the beginning of the end. And, as their marriage had been without love on either side, founded strictly on a business basis, there was nothing to hold them together. Grimly he faced the inevitable, a future without Maude, and grimly the inevitable stared back.

"A fellow gets so darn'd accustomed to having his wife about," he thought, miserably.

The day had begun badly, and it went on worse.

After all, the little dinner at the club that had started the whole trouble fell through. Desmond was leaving on an earlier train than first intended, and Osbourne had to be satisfied with his promise to stop over a day on his way up.

"There's one thing I want to do before train time, though," said Desmond as Osbourne was about to take leave of him in the court of the Palace. "I've just turned down an invitation for tonight to a coming-out party of the daughter of an old chum of mine and must make my peace by sending the little girl a suitable souvenir of the occasion. Could you pilot me to a jewelry shop where I could find some gimcrack for her?"

Of course, Osbourne plied. From one-part policy and ninety-nine parts pure friendliness he went in to help him select his trinket. And there in the case before his very eyes, in all its exquisite, chaste beauty, was just the sort of pearl pendant he had run the town over to get for Maude at Christmas.

Instantly Jack Osbourne had his checkbook out, and when he left the shop with Desmond a little white velvet box lay warm in his pocket.

"It will mean nothing to her now, though," he thought, despondently, on his way home. "I suppose I was a fool to buy it."

In the same hopeless mood he took out his latch key and opened the door. "Jack, is that you?" called an eager voice from the top of the stairs. "You came home, after all?"

"Yes, I came home," answered Osbourne, looking up in surprise as she hurried down to meet him. "And," he added, forcing a smile, as on the impulse of the moment he drew out the little white velvet case, "I brought you this."

Maude took it, opened it and with a cry of joy threw both arms about his neck.

"Jack, you fraud, you rogue, you darling, you remembered all the time!"

"Remembered what?"

"That it's our wedding anniversary, you good-for-nothing touse!"—May C. Ringwalt in Los Angeles Times.

### Handy Device.

There are many aids to the home dressmaker nowadays. One is a clever little net bodice foundation that comes by the yard. It is simply white net about seven inches wide, edged on both sides with narrow lace. So when you wish to make an evening or afternoon frock, you cut off a length of this net sufficiently long to reach around your waste, and you fit hooks and eyes along the edges, which you securely turn under. And there you have a bodice foundation.

Take strips from bananas and brush the tops with melted lard, add one-half cupful of water in the pan in which they are to be baked. Bake for 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

### A Real Feature Attraction

Released by the famous Triangle Co., Griffith, Ince, Semeth, the three best producers in the world produced the Triangle and "Peggy" is one of Ince's best, featuring "Billie Burke," Gem, Saturday, April 28, 2:30 matinee, 7:30 night, 10 and 25c. Seats reserved for night if you prefer.

"Triangle" the best features released, will present "Billie Burke" in "Peggy," a 7-reel special feature Saturday, April 28, 10 and 25c. Matinee 2:30, night 7:30. Seats reserved if you choose.

Triangle pictures satisfy so you can be assured that Wednesday the "Juggling Night" is one big night of six. You laugh, you yell, you scream at Arbuckle, Mace, Conklin, Norman, Sid Chaplin, Sterling and more of the Keystone comedies. Two of these comedy features will be shown on Wednesday at 3 and 10c.

S. P. Spaulding and son, James, Miss Ella Spaulding, of Spaulding Springs and R. M. Spaulding, of Shelbina spent Sunday with Mrs. Anna Powers.

Let the Democrat print it right.

E. Veach returned Thursday from Shelbina with a car load of Jersey cows for Walker & Son.

The Swastika Club met last Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Price Griffith. Delicious refreshments were served and all reported a nice time.

Mrs. Will Green and Mrs. John Medcalf were Palmyra visitors last Thursday.

Miss Ella White, of Palmyra returned home Saturday after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hans, brought.

# Waste No Food==

## Food Waste of About 700 Million Dollars

"For partial immediate relief, every individual and community should consider earnestly the matter of food conservation and the limitation of waste. As a nation we seem to have a disdain of economizing. In many homes there is a strong feeling that it is 'only decent' to provide more food than will be eaten and that it is demeaning to reckon closely. The experts of the Department of Agriculture report to me that the dietary studies made by them point to an annual food waste of about \$700,000,000. Of course, the waste in families of very limited means is slight, but in the families of moderate and ample means the waste is considerable. Even if the estimate were reduced by half, the waste would still be enormous.

"The food waste in the household, the experts assert, results in large measure from bad preparation and bad cooking, from improper care and handling, and, in well-to-do families, from serving an undue number of courses and an over-abundant supply and failing to save and utilize the food not consumed. As an instance of improper handling, it is discovered that in the preparation of potatoes 20 per cent of the edible portion in many cases is discarded."—Sec'y of Agriculture.

# Food is Wasted==

a. When we eat more food than our bodies need for growth and repair and to supply energy for our work. Overeating tends to poor health and fat instead of energetic and resourceful. Eat enough and no more. Eat for physical and mental efficiency.

b. When food is burned or spoiled in cooking. Improperly prepared or poorly seasoned food will be left on the table and probably wasted. Buy food wisely and then prepare it carefully.

c. When too much food is prepared for a meal. Unserved portions are apt to be thrown into the garbage pail

or allowed to spoil. Many housekeepers do not know how to use left-over foods to make appetizing dishes.

d. When too much food is served at a meal. Uneaten portions are left on the plate and later thrown into the garbage pail. Learn to know the needs of your family, and serve each no more than you think he will want.

e. When anything edible is allowed to go to the garbage pail or allowed to spoil for lack of proper handling

f. When food is handled carelessly. Buy clean food, keep it clean until used, and be neat in all details of cooking and serving. This lessens waste and is a valuable health measure as well.

## Feed Your Own Family First

Don't feed high-priced human food to hogs and chickens. Don't send valuable food to the incinerator or fertilizer heap. Don't pour into the sewer nourishing food in the shape of milk, skim milk, sweet or sour, soup, gravy, or melted fat, or water in which cereals or vegetables have been cooked.

Keep good food out of your garbage pail and kitchen sink.

## Demonstrate Thrift in Your Home

Make Saving, Rather than Spending, Your Social Standard